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1981

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The Vandals



Rudy Harst



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Vol. 4 No. 1

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THIRD ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

Well, sports fans, this issue marks our third year of existence. We've been around a lot longer than we expected when we first started IORNR. Now we're going into a fourth year and as in the past we hope to improve our articles, style and distribution even more so. We've played with the idea of becoming a pay magazine but the problems inherent to such an endeavor are just too complicated. So, we'll remain, as ever, a free monthly publication.

During the course of the last three years we've covered everyone from Judas Priest to Elvis Costello to Doug Sahm as far as the biggies so. But if you haven't noticed in our last couple of issues we've begun to feature more articles on local and area bands. Because we feel that the future of rock'n'roll lies in our back yards you'll see more stories on locals in these pages. Whether a band or performer is heavy metal or new wave or anything in between doesn't matter — it's still rock'n'roll to us. If we think you should know about a band or type of music we'll keep you informed. For those readers who think that we've covered too much so-called new wave of late — tough. Open your ears, that's what we're trying to do. And that's still what this rag's all about.

Over the last three years I've got ten more memories than money but all those memories can't be bought. Some of my favorites are: going to a party with Elvis Costello, doing a brief off-the-cuff interview with him and finding out how polite he was; having Ray Davies of the Kinks come down from a bath to a hotel

EDITORIAL



by Robbin Cresswell

bar and invite us for a drink; tracking down Lou Reed after chasing him all over Austin; being the first mag to put Joe 'King' Carrasco on its cover (Oct. '79, and again in Mar. '81); finding out that the hard rock bands Triumph and Rush respect our mag and are on a more-or-less personal level with our writer David Arthur; chanting and praying in a hotel room one night with Toots Hibbert of the reggae band Toots and the Maytals; being one of the first American mags to cover Graham Parker; having Bruce Springsteen say that he liked our mag after finally meeting him at Mi Tiarra's and discovering he was shorter than me; seeing Debbie Harry of Blondie

come to the door of her motel room in curlers looking like a bedraggled Tuesday Weld and finding out how nice she was; spending one evening talking to Patti Smith about politics, poetry and rock'n'roll; getting Ray Charles' autograph; meeting Van Morrison, Brian Wilson and Bo Diddley. I could go on. It's all been fun.

As far as the future of IORNR goes we hope to get into concert promotion (our first Brave New Music Festival April 26th at Skipwilly's was a success) and perhaps even a television program on the local rock scene.

Anyway, here's to another year of It's Only Rock'n'Roll!

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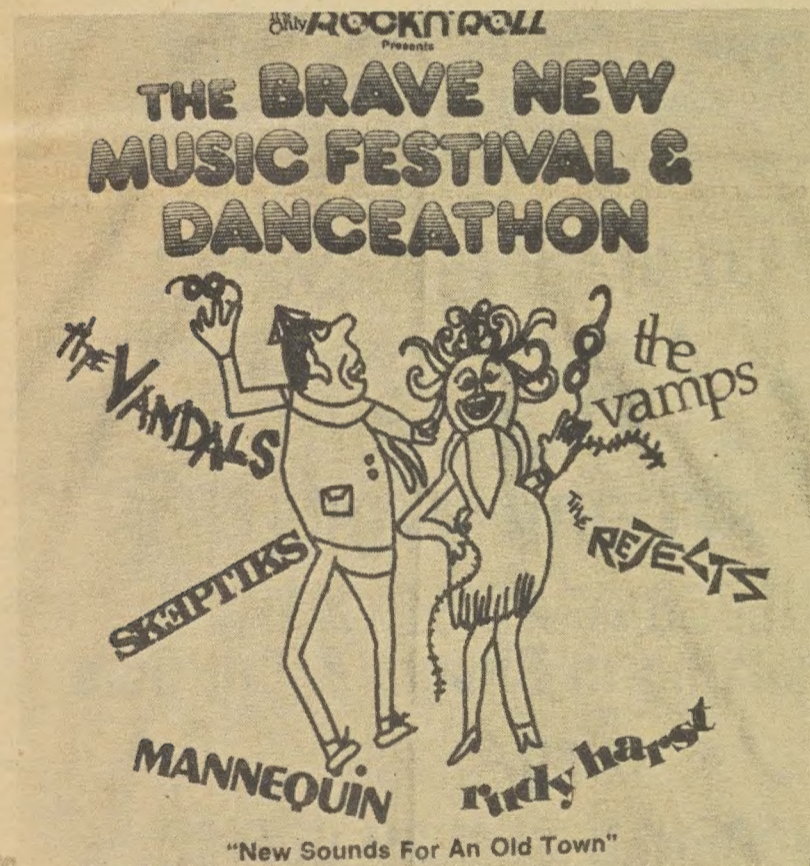
Renegade



Renegade is one of the newest and most welcome additions to the San Antonio music scene. This five-member band is a combination of veteran musicians, some of whom have appeared on the bill with acts like Ike & Tina Turner, Wet Willie & Willie Nelson.

The direction of the group was set in their minds from the beginning. The member realized that they must listen to what people really wanted to hear and act on it. People are hungry to dance, but they must have it played gussy and generally prefer familiar songs. This is the common

ground the band follows at live performances while spending their earnings recording original material. Renegades repertoire encompasses a large selection of dance hits from the 60s by groups such as the Beatles, The Kinks, Paul Revere and The Raiders and Steppenwolf. But the band really cooks when playing current material from The Cars, The Police, The Knack and Rockpile. With this exciting blend of old and new, Renegade rarely has any problem filling the dance floor. Definitely a plus for any club's calendar.



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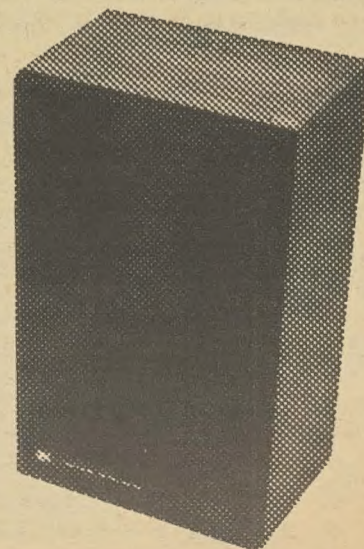
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SEANCE CONJURES UP THEIR ROCK



Move Over Jumbol

by Ron Young

As I sit at the end of the bar in a club called, appropriately enough, *The Rock'n'Roll Connection* sipping a Heineken, a new local heavy metal band named Seance sweatily plows through a letter-perfect rendering of Def Leppard's "Wasted". Clad in a black Japanese robe and black vinyl (remember this is still small time) pants lead singer Bill Lopez goes through every stock pose he's ever learned from every heavy rock act from Ozzy Osbourne to David Lee Roth. He twirls his microphone, climbs atop amplifiers, and shakes his long black sweat-drenched locks defiantly at the small crowd that is cheering the group on by collectively raising their fists into the smoke-filled air every time the lyrics, "Wasted, wasted my life", are screamed at them. The audience reacts to the anthem not fully aware of what the song is really saying. ("They think it's about getting stoned or drunk," says lead guitarist Robert Perez.) Anyway, the fans seem to love Seance and react to them as if they were Judas Priest incarnate. And that's saying a lot.

The band, whose symbol is a burning candle, calls itself Seance because it attempts to conjure up the ghosts of old hard rock heroes like Jimi Hendrix because they say that none of the other local bands nor any of the major rock bands are doing much to keep their spirits alive.

This is best displayed when Seance's 17-year-old guitarist Perez goes into a steamy version of Hendrix's "Purple Haze" that would make Frank Marino do a double-take.

The group members who range from ages 15 to 20 have been together all of five months. They all have been weaned on such heavy metal bands as Scorpions, Michael Schenker, Grand Funk Railroad, and Def Leppard and they perform numbers by these bands as well as self-penned tunes such as "Reflecting Pains" and "Wicked Trix."

Besides Lopez and Perez, Seance consists of Ignatius Vara, second guitar; Don Van Stavern, bass; David Wayne McClain, drums; an Tony Rodriguez, lights and special effects. They're currently looking for a soundman.

Lately the band has been working on a single at the UAR studios. Titled "Keep On Pushing" the song might be called their theme song because of all the problems Seance has had getting bookings in town.

Manager and club owner Rick Pacheco opened the Rock'n'Roll Connection because he strongly believed in the young band. He felt that the band would soon have a large local following if only they could be heard, and if no place would book them then he'd open a club for them. So now RNR Connection has become known as "the home of Seance". Even though the band has a few gigs lined up early this month they know they can feel secure about their own nest always being there. The club itself will eventually book other hard rock acts but Pacheco says they will only be local talent "because S.A. has to support its own."

S.A.'s Heavy Metal Masters is what the band has labeled itself. That's a pretty tall title to live up to, especially in San Antonio where hard rock bands number as many as there are angels dancing on the head of a pin. Most bands calling themselves heavy metal masters would feel uncomfortable with those adjectives trailing their name either because they couldn't live up to them or because they'd fear getting laughed off the stage. But Seance needn't worry since they do live up to them. So move over Jumbo and Dave Lee as this is one band that can wear its leathers proudly.—RNR

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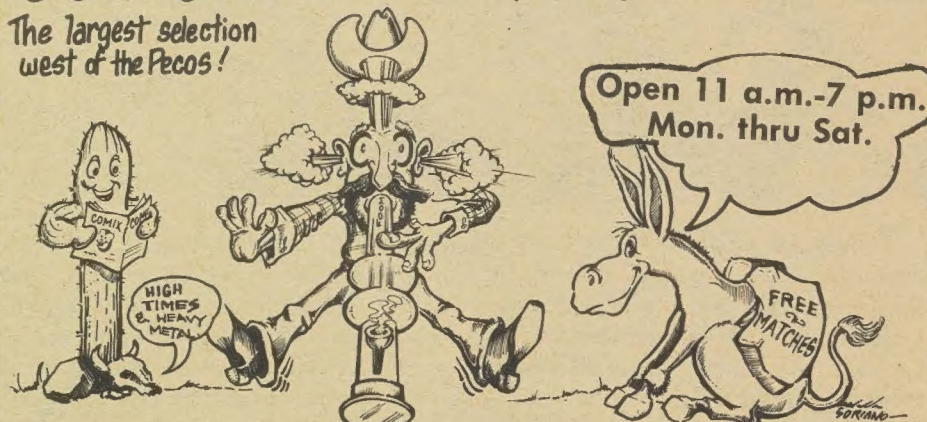
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by Cliff Dunn

From The Other Side



A rainbow is a spectrum of five colors, brought together to form a single unit after the fall of heavy rain, and it serve only as a reminder that an omnipotent power is establishing the rain that may again serve as man's destruction. This makes Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow all the better a name. After the fury of the storm that was Deep Purple, Blackmore formed his rainbow, an everlasting reminder that the tempest that was Deep Purple is alive and well and will never die as long as Rainbow lives. With the powerful explosion that is Blackmore's strato-caster and the excellent vocals of Ronnie James Dio, Rainbow fused together a style of music that matched the fantasy-tinged lyrics dealing with medieval subjects and supernatural entities. Add to that the hammer-like drumming of Cozy Powell and you have a tremendous rock-n-roll machine. Unfortunately, that machine was dismantled and the cogs were replaced, losing some of the energy it once possessed, but still managing to put out music of the highest calibre. This is Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow. They have been a popular band, but their history is, indeed, a changing one. Rainbow retained only three original members, Blackmore, Dio and Powell, from their first album to *Down To Earth*, with the bass and keyboard positions filled by a different player on each of their three albums. With Powell and Dio gone, the only original member on Rainbow's latest effort, *Difficult to Cure*, is the originator himself.

With all the changes, including the very style of the music that began with *Down To Earth*, many people have wondered about Rainbow's beginning and current functions. I managed to secure an interview with keyboardist extraordinaire, Don Airey, to learn what Rainbow is all about:

RNR — How did Rainbow first get together?

Airey — Well, Ritchie was, of course, the guitarist for Deep Purple, and he wanted to form another band when they broke up for his own reasons, and Rainbow was the result.

RNR — How did Blackmore hook up with Elf to form Rainbow?

Airey — Elf opened for Purple the last year they were together. When Ritchie left, he sort of dumped the guitarist of Elf and used the remaining members to form Rainbow.

RNR — The lyrics and style of Rainbow were different from those of Deep Purple. Was this Blackmore's or Dio's decision?

Airey — It was both. Ritchie mainly wanted something different, to call his own. Ronnie, though he liked Elf's style, shared Ritchie's interest in all the medieval stuff, the greensleeves and ogres. (laughter)

RNR — All of the Rainbow albums have been successes. Why is it that Blackmore can never seem to be able to hold onto a band for more than one album?

Airey — I don't know, actually. I think it's because when he left Purple to form a band, he didn't realize how difficult it would be. He's a perfectionist, Ritchie is. He always wants things to be perfect. When he formed Rainbow, a lot of people went through it that really weren't worth the trouble. He's a dedicated person, also. He's been performing for about 18 years and yet he still manages to go up there and do what he does best. At our ages, that's an accomplishment in itself. The others, just weren't as dedicated to it as he was. I feel the band we've got now will stick, though. We all get along really well.

RNR — Rainbow's lyrics reflected imagination and told tales of mystical fantasy. Blackmore's guitar even emulated the lyrics. What made the

band decide to change to a straight forward style of rock-n-roll that began with *Down To Earth*?

Airey — Oh, necessity, I think. Roger (Glover, the bassist) came into the band specifically, if not just for the need of a good bassist, to change the direction of the band. He had been our producer and he came in and got rid of all the hobgoblins and wizards that was Rainbow. He felt that if he was writing some of the lyrics and music, we needed something more down to earth, which we did. It was heavier and much more direct.

RNR — It wasn't Blackmore's decision than?

Airey — No, Ritchie agreed. In fact, that's why I think he and Ronnie parted company. Ritchie thought it was all a bit of a pose, and he wanted to get back to his former style of pure everyday rock-n-roll.

RNR — So who writes most of the music and lyrics now?

Airey — Mostly Roger and Ritchie, but we all get our hooks into it. It's mostly a team effort, despite what everyone thinks.

RNR — That brings me to my next question. Most people consider Blackmore to be a bit of an egotist. Is this true and do you think it affects the band any?

Airey — Well, everyone looks at Rainbow and says, 'Boy, Blackmore must be a real bitch with all the changes,' and in a way he is.

Egotistical, they say? I think you've got to

be. When you go up on stage, you've got to believe you deserve to be up there, or you'll never go on again. I think it's been more of a help rather than a hinderance.

RNR — Let's forget about the past and examine the present. Where did you pick up the new singer and the new drummer? Also what persuaded you to join the band?

Airey — Money! No, I joined the band because I felt Rainbow needed a new direction in the keyboard area, so I joined and did it the way I thought it needed to be done. We got the new singer and drummer both from Long Island, where Ritchie saw them performing in clubs. The singer, Joe Turner, used to be with a band called Fandango.

RNR — What's in store for the future of Rainbow?

Airey — I think we'll maintain the band we've got now. I like the way things are going and so does Ritchie, and really, that's all that matters.

Whatever direction Rainbow will venture to from here, I'm sure you can rest assured it will be with the style and sophistication that was and is Rainbow. May it shine on.

—RNR

Bunnymen Kick KISS Radio's Ass

Barry Tull, manager of Sound Warehouse #14, and his softball team called Barry and the Bunnymen beat KISS-FM's team, the KISS-A's by the score of 19 to 9. All future challengers will be accepted.

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Free RIOT Now!



Riot's too hot to handle.

by Garry Bushell

"Dear Riot fan, 'Fire Down Under', the third Riot album, is being held prisoner by Capitol Records. Capitol says that the record is 'not commercially acceptable.' We say Bull Shit.

"We think 'Fire Down Under' is the best LP Riot have ever recorded. Who should know better, Capitol Records or us? We think that you the fans should decide what you think rocks — not a bunch of middle-aged jerks in Hollywood . . ."

(Extract from a circular sent to Riot fans in America last month).

The New York rock band Riot have just made an album easily as good as the cream of HM. Yep, *Fire Down Under* is up there on a par with Biff's barnstormers and Di'anno's destroyers.

High-energy, hard-driving rhythms, rock-solid bodies, good SONGS soaked in mayhem power that pull about as many punches as Sugar Ray on peak form . . . it's their finest achievement to date putting previous okay-but-not-as-inspired stuff to shame.

Yet for some reason best known to Capitol Records you may never get to hear the album, and if it gets released in the States they may only press 15,000 copies.

So what's it all about? Listen to Riot's lead singer, Guy Speranza:

"You've heard the tape of the album, right? That's STREET MUSIC. Capitol are looking for April Wine — all that concocted plastic bullshit that's done for the A&R men up in their offices in L.A.

"They want us to turn into Styx and put our MOR singles. All they're interested in is a commercial hit and they don't hear it on our album.

"I want to keep our grass roots support," he continues. "I don't wanna neglect the people who have been with us all this time. Listen — this is the sort of music we WANT to play — the industry just can't understand that. All they want is a quick turnover. They don't have their shit together, man. I don't think they understand what we're all about . . ."

"The real reason they don't like the new album," confides lanky affable bassist Clifford 'Kip' Leming, "is they can't turn it into a movie starring Laurence Olivier . . ."

The regal source of all this aggravation is the structure and philosophy of the U.S. rock biz. Looking back at their history Riot's current crisis can be seen to fit a pattern of constant up-hill struggles.

In New York at the beginning they were banging their head against a wall, told to produce 'copy-rock' for the suburban club circuit or cut their hair and look like the Ramones for Manhattan . . . or go without gigs all together.

Outside their home town gigs were easier to come by, but record company interest was zilch. Riot's managers Billy Arnell and Steve Loeb used to drag sacks of ticket stubs from sold-out concerts in Chicago and other Mid-West meta strongholds up to prominent A&R types without any success whatsoever.

The A&R men could smell only the growing hipness of the new wave scene or the pungent pong of mountainous moolah earned by the 'corporate rock' acts, the soulless AOR/MOR/BORE muzak that dominated the airwaves.

Riot's first album *Rock City* was ignored in the U.S., getting picked up by a Canadian company and imported back into the States and Europe. The band would find out areas the album was selling well and arrange gigs there.

But by the summer of '79 they'd seem to have reached an impasse. In short with promotion causing real hassles and a series of personnel changes they seemed to be banging their nuts against a cast concrete wall. For a while even Billy and Steve almost gave them up for dead . . .

Until a copy of *Sounds* arrived through the post showing *Rock City* at number one in Neal Kaye's HM chart.

It gave them the will to battle on. And by the beginning of 1980 Capitol USA finally sussed something was occurring and 'made an offer they couldn't refuse.'

The hotter second album *Narita* was the result, that and Britain's chance to finally see the band supporting the vastly over-rated Sammy Hagar last April. They went down a storm and for a while everything at long last seemed to be coming up roses.

Until *Fire Down Under*. Imagine it. The Boys knew they'd come up with a guaranteed one hundred per cent HOTTER THAN HADES platter, only to have Capitol give it the thumbs down. No wonder they couldn't believe their ears. Let me explain the ins and outs of the Capitol deal.

The Arnell/Loeb management team are also a production company. The band are signed to them and they've got a 'production delivery deal' with Capitol.

How it works is, Capitol calls for an album and pays 50% up front (25% advance, 25% recording costs) and the other 50% within 14 days of delivery. So they pay the first 50%, deliver the prime platter and . . .

"Back comes the word 'We're not excited, we don't wanna release this album'."

Fast-talking Billy Arnell, a man with the New York monopoly on bad jokes, takes up the story.

"If they failed to pay the rest of the money and said to us if you want to go for a deal with another company just give us back the first 50%. We had our attorney file a breach of contract.

"The best legal defense Capitol could come up with was the album was 'commercially unacceptable' to them. That's what they said 'commercially unacceptable'. THEY DIDN'T DEFINE IT. All they say was 'the guitars are too loud' or 'There's too much echo on the voice — can you believe that?'

"We said to them what do you KNOW about Heavy Metal? What HM act have you got? Hagar left — is it any wonder? — and he wasn't really HM anyway. The A&R man turned round and said 'Well a few years ago we had a group called Starz . . .

"Can you appreciate what we're up against? They didn't even get *Narita* properly. We had to hire eleven promotion men to get behind it and do the radio work. They turned down the artwork for *Fire Down Under* and a couple of weeks later changed the artwork for the April Wine album to something very much like ours. Now I can't prove anything in court but I will show anyone the artwork and let them make up their own minds.

"These people are so out of touch. They don't even understand the differences between Foreigner and AC/DC! We said okay let's let the public decide about the album. Let's try it in the press. We are prepared to sue Capitol to get this album out because WE believe in it."

Basically Capitol has agreed to stick by the contract in so far as they will pay the outstanding 50% and will 'probably' release it in the States (if only to recoup their losses) but they'll give the band no tour support and it will 'probably not' be released over here.

There's no guarantee it'll even come out in the States. If it does Capitol says they will only press 15,000 copies. In other words they're giving it about as much support as a rope gives a hanging man. Talk about Catch 22, chief.

Arnell shakes his head. "We want out, Capitol want us out — but I sincerely believe they are trying to kill us on the way. They're paying the money to avoid a law suit that they know they'd lose then trying to put us back years . . ."

Capitol's decision seems to presuppose that you need to bland out to be successful. And this can be demonstrated as false logic even in the States. Look at AC/DC. Look at Ted. And I KNOW the British and European markets would gobble Riot up and come back begging for more.

Because they are an excellent cranium-crunching combo who have made a great hard rock album (and catching them rehearsing convinced me they can duplicate that power live) and it'd be disgraceful if we allow them to be choked in this cretinous corporate stranglehold.

In America fans were urged to go into record shops and order *Fire Down Below* on Capitol records and ring up the radio stations and ask them to play numbers from it. The response staggered the Riot office.

In Britain a similar campaign is being co-ordinated.

(Reprinted Courtesy of *Sounds* magazine.)

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 - #32—Chuck Berry, Joan Jett, The Blast, The Who



U-2

This Means You!



photo by Carolyn Woolf/Cubfoot

by David Arthur

One of the most surprising albums of this year has been the debut of the Irish band, U2. The Dublin band's first Lp, *Boy*, is a masterpiece, detailing the angst of adolescence. Although not political, the band's attitude owes much to the progressive rock movement underway in England, with its "get up and do something" attitude.

The band is now making it's first American appearances, and their kinetic concerts are winning over Americans in droves. The band's psychedelic-influenced rock owes as much to television as to the Doors, and the rhythms are terse and urgent. The main focal point of the band's unique sound is "the Edge", the group's guitarist, who's use of an echo box separates him from the music, adding a full disance not usually found in four-piece bands. Singer Bono Vox is eager and straightforward, capable of extreme vocal gymnastics whilst dancing all about the stage. And bassist Adam Clayton and drummer Larry Mullen create a rhythmic undertow that forces the listener into the music.

The four members of U2 are all under 21, and their youth, and relative inexperience — the band was formed four years ago, and that's when they started to play their instruments — leave room to hope for incredible things.

After their Austin concert at the Clubfoot on March 31, bassist Adam Clayton was undeniably optimistic about the group's future. He was quick to point out the startling success the group has enjoyed in the U.S.

"It'd be very easy for an Irish band to get lost in the shuffle, and we haven't. The people coming to our shows, they're our audience. I don't know why, but they're there to see us. That's a good feeling to have."

Clayton describes the music situation in Ireland in grim terms, with showbands (a la Las Vegas) dominating the scene. "Showbands are it ... when a young band like ourselves comes along it's very hard for them to make it. I still don't quite see how we did make it, even now."

"When we started out, we didn't know how to play. But we didn't listen to anybody, we kept playing because we wanted to. We've never tried to be popular — the hype around us is from people who've seen us, and presumably feel that we are good."

"That's what our music is about — the whole comedy of turning your back on authority, of being what you want. Kids coming up to me say 'I want to be a brain surgeon, but the school says I should be an athlete.' There's no reason why he shouldn't try to be a brain surgeon."

Clayton said that when the group originally formed in 1976 the band had many of the same ideas of the Sex Pistols but ... "suddenly the Pistols and the Clash sprang up, so we decided to try something different. Something that would be us." So the band moved on, into more complex material.

Clayton said that U2's future direction will probably be toward a less complex sound. The band, he said, can give America what it wants and needs — musical diversity.

"In the '60s and '70s there were progressive American bands, but England won the musical battle. America lost it's musical pride and so shut itself off. The radio over here is in need of change. There's an audience over here for this kind of music, but they need to hear it."

"Look," he said with sudden intensity, "I can play guitar like Jimmy Page, say. So I'm good? No, 'cause Jimmy Page has already played guitar like Jimmy Page. You've got to do better than that. *You've got to be yourself.*"

And that's what U2 is all about.

—RNR

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The Brave New Music Festival & Danceathon, April 26, was a huge success. The crowd, numbering somewhere between 350 and 450, was polite and tolerant all evening — sitting through six hours of a wide variety of new wave music from six local bands.

Skip Wells (of Skipwilly's, where it was staged) said that he hadn't had as large a crowd there since the Shawn Phillips show in February. In fact, the event was so successful that he wants *IORNR* to co-promote another one sometime this summer perhaps as a back-to-school happening.

In the past Wells said that he hadn't had much luck with new wave bands but with Sunday's surprising turn-out he feels that S.A. has finally caught up with the new music.

Fans (who were lined up outside by 5:30) went all-out to look punk and hip. Some had pink and/or green hair and many wore brightly colored far-out fashions. The pogo was the dance of the night. And the bands made sure that people did just that.

Technical difficulties spoiled some of the Vandals and Rejects sets, but by the time Rudy Harst began his performance everything was under control. Also the event was to be taped for rebroadcast on

THE VANDALS

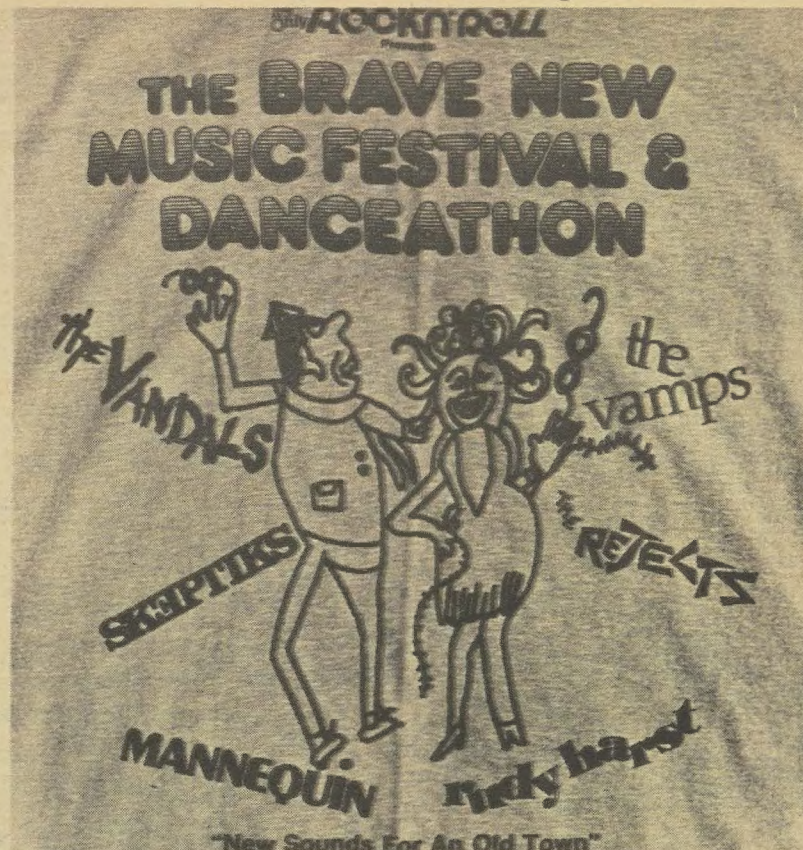
by Clyde Kimsey

As The Vandals finished their first number that kicked off The Brave New Music Festival, the audience knew this wasn't going to be any typical S.A. rock show.

This show was this trio's first since losing vocalist Don Mulligan. The vocals were shared by guitarist Adam Brogley and bassist Keith Rumbo. Frank Garcia completed the sound with his tight drumming.

Their sound is clean and tight but by far, too repetitious. Several members of the audience said that all the songs sounded like the first. Each vocal line seemed to have the same cliched punk pattern to it. Some of the songs had something to say in them but they were hard to understand without a tune to guide your ear through the swear words that came in so often. The vocals are spouted off without consideration of forming a melody.

Most of the audience was quite surprised by them and eager to hear them through. Some disliked them, some didn't quite know what to think of them, and others admired them for their sheer raw drive.



REJECTS by Bill Kelly

By the time the Rejects' set started enough beer had been swilled that people seemed to remember that this was a Dance-a-thon as well. I know from past experience that seeing a few people twitching on the dance floor does incredible things for a band's spirits, and this time was no exception. These kids (and I ain't joking when I say kids) really came on hard. The sound still left something to be desired, but when you're working with donated equipment,

it's hard to perform miracles (although Rudy Harst did later). Regardless, these two guys and a girl would still be exciting even if they had to play and sing through an 8" Silvertone amp. They deserve your support; in fact, they are so young and have so much promise they demand it.

I guess what I'm trying to say is these two bands are like a soothing shot of Kaopectate for the SA music scene. Get yours today!!!

RUDY HARST

V. Ray

Rudy Harst (with side-effects Charlie Athanas) appeared third in Sunday's line-up. Following the rant and rave tactics of bands like the Vandals and the Rejects is no mean feat for "just a folkie with a guitar," as Harst jokingly refers to himself. Two important factors set him apart from that simple classification: magician Athanas' hat full of electronic manipulations, and Harst's own dynamism as a performer.

Although he lacked some of his characteristic physical vivacity (he's usually all over the stage, but it was just too hot for such antics that night), Rudy wrenched colors and emotions from the music as only he can. The audience was riveted, whether by the sheer power of "Sometimes," or by the sheer charm of "Roll My Own" and "I Like You."

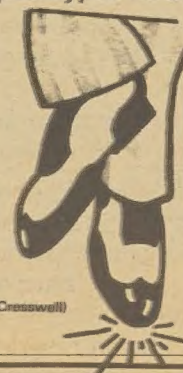
KRTU's *Off-Beat* program Thursday, April 30 with the second half to be aired the following Thursday. However, only the first three groups and portions of the last two were recorded. Somehow the soundman missed his cues. This was most unfortunate since it could've been a big boost for local talent. The show was filmed by the U.A. Columbia folks and will be shown on the cable station sometime in the near future. The film will also be shown by our mag at a local club as well as soon as possible. (More later.)

The festival had enough advance publicity, especially in the *News and Express*, but the event itself was not written up in either of the two local dailies as had been promised. It was such a rousing success proving that new wave music has an audience that it was indeed a most newsworthy item. Writers from *S.A. Magazine* and *Action* were the only media represented.

We wish to thank Skipwilly's people, River City Music, Carol and Robert, Fred Weiss and the U.A. Columbia cable folks, the bands: Vandals, Rejects, Rudy Harst, Vamps, Skeptiks, and Mannequin, and everyone who helped the Brave New Music Festival & Danceathon become a happening for S.A. Roll over Joe Anthony!



With Charlie's sizzling punctuation, Rudy held the audience securely through a chilling encore of Stephen Still's "For What It's Worth." However, the highlight of the set was "I Am A Bomb." When he sang it, you believed it. Rudy can come across with a delivery so eerily psychotic as to make David Byrne seem like John Denver: apocalypse now.



(photos by Robbin Creswell)





The Vamps
by Wendy Carson

After listening to the reggae rhythms of Rudy Harst, and having a brief chance to cool off during the equipment set-up, music lovers at Skipwilly's were more than ready to hop back on their feet when The Vamps took the stage. The only deterrents to the dancers — who started filling the dance floor on the first song, "Nowhere To Go" — were the heat and the bright lights aimed at them by the video camera crew.

The Vamps seemed a bit tense when they started their set, but by their fourth song, "Monkey Love" — a song which the audience seemed to especially enjoy — they had loosened up. The band performed two songs from their record *The Vamps—On Vinyl*: "Carving Knife" and "What's Your Excuse?", as well as such others as "Go Jimmy Go"

and "Artistic License." Keyboardist Joe Pugliese announced "Warm One" by saying, "This is what you were looking for last night at midnight."

Joe and the other Vamps — brother and lead vocalist Frank Pugliese, guitarists Lance McVicker (on lead, which was sometimes mixed too high) and Matt Cummings, bassist Russ Todora, and drummer Steve McCloy — built their pace, hitting a peak with "Cromagnon Man" which they maintained throughout the rest of the set. After Jim Carroll's "People Who Died" — a song on which some people were singing along — the audience welcomed and sang along with The Vamps' rendition of The Ramones' "I Wanna Be Sedated." They completed their energetic performance with "I Used To Be Cool."



MANNEQUIN
by V. Ray

To the folks who danced and bopped (and twitched and jerked) throughout sets by the Vamps and Skeptiks, Mannequin's opening came as a disappointment. They began with some of the pieces that are of the more melodic, textural, introspective bent which is their forte. Unfortunately, the audience was unwilling to switch gears and listen to the cogent lyrics. I heard complaints of, "This ain't new wave; give us something to dance to!" When guitarist/vocalist Gary Davenport sang out, "You're choking on all the detail..." he might well have addressed it to the disgruntled dancers: lyrical content and approach are as vital an aspect of "new wave" as is dance beat.

Mannequin's turning point came with "Sterile," as the band took the crowd to task with provocative questions and views of things we take for

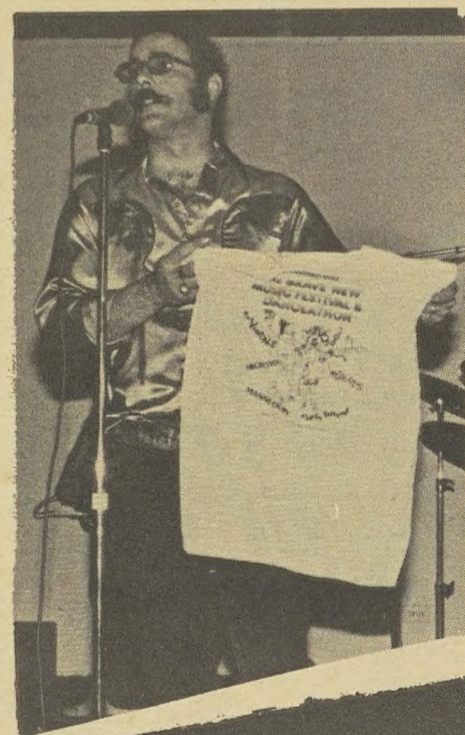
granted. The audience's dawning awareness of what this band is all about, coupled with the song's relentless rhythmic attack, got even the most stubborn feet moving again. Mark Champion (bass) and Frank Garcia (drums) laid a strong foundation for those feet, as did Brian Pogue's skillful handling of the synthesizer, shaping and shading every song. They followed excellent versions of "Remnants of a Modern Age" and "Pledge of Alliance" with "Trust in Authority" (from last year's EP). "Trust" has been honed-down and given a more straightforward feel while retaining the ethereal quality of the recorded version. The band wasn't as tight as they were in February, when they'd been playing more frequent gigs, but they deserved a better initial reception than they got Sunday night; it's to their credit that they finally overcame a skeptical audience.



SKEPTIKS
by Wendy Carson

The crowd at Skipwilly's danced through The Vamps' set and wanted some more. They weren't quite sure what to expect when three-year-old Stephanie announced Skeptiks and their militaristic opener, "(I'm Not A) Fighting Man" — a song which at one point quotes the Marines' Hymn. However, by Skeptiks' second song, "Technology," the audience realized that a solid danceable rhythm was being provided. Wearing Army green (and helmets, which they removed after the first song), bassist Mark Brazile, drummer Joe Grist, keyboardist Jeff McCord, and guitarist Scott Jarisch informed the audience: "We're skeptics."

In spite of some monitor problems, the band's performance was tight. They twisted the audience around their collective "little finger" as they worked their way through "Push Buttons," "Real Time," and "I Used To Be Normal (But I'm Getting Better Now)." After "Oh No Please," they announced: "Here's a new dance — it's called the 'Twitch & Jerk.'" In case someone missed their message, they pointed out, "This is nerve gas we're talking about, everybody!" They paced their set well, with the intensity peaking with their last song, "A," after which they announced: "We're still skeptics!" The audience was *not* skeptical, and demanded an encore. With an apology to the following band, Mannequin, for the delay, Skeptiks provided "Reception."



There was a lot of talk about this being a "new wave" show, and if that's what people were expecting, I guess that's what they found. I know that the people who simple expected to have a good time, listening to music that's not standard S.A. fare, weren't disappointed. This show was called the Brave New Music Festival; I saw the event mainly as a showcase for some of this city's artists who are brave enough to play their own brand of music — whether or not San Antonio has been ready for them. Judging from the spectacular turnout at Skipwilly's, we should be hearing from these acts a lot more often — their time has finally come!



(photos by Robbin Cresswell)

HEART OF THE CITY

by Jim E. Beal, Jr.

BLITZ: OR, SUCKED INTO THE MAW OF THE SAN ANTONIO SCENE

As "Local Scene Editor" of *IORNR* I periodically get eaten up by an immense sense of responsibility. These responsibility attacks are often prompted by conversations with hermit acquaintances who ask "Hey, have you seen such and such band at so and so place?" A "Local Scene Editor" should always be able to reply "YES".

When a "Local Scene Editor" has to mumble "no" he frets and pouts and prepares for a BLITZ — a heads up, eyes-wide-open, ears-in-synch, flat-out tour of Alamo Town live music.

The latest Heart of the City Blitz spanned 10 days, 250 miles, 10 live acts (one of 'em three times), four bars, a game parlor, a ritzy restaurant, a steak house, a cultural center and two episodes of a TV show.

KLRN's Austin City Limit's got April off to a rousing start by featuring Joe "King" Carrasco and the Crowns and the Sir Douglas Quintet on the same show.

Joe King and Kompany fared much better on the homegrown tube than they did on Saturday Night Live. They played a bunch of songs, including a lot of the Tex-Mex style stuff that made them S.A. favorites.

The Sir Douglas Quintet is back again — again and their Austin City Limit's and Friday's performances prove old Texas rockers only lose their stuff if they want to. Augie, Doug, Johnny Perez, Speedy Sparks and Louie Ortega (actually a Califas rocker) obviously don't want to. The Austin City Limits

segment was taped prior to the Friday's bit and Ortega has replaced Alvin Crow who has recently formed a new band.

Incidentally, Doug Sahm's son Shawn has turned out to be a pretty good picker. Blood will tell.

Friday's have always been the most productive nights for Blitzing. People may be dog tired from working all week, but they don't let that stand in the way of a good time.

The Beauregard was swinging and swaying to the music of the Bett Butler Blues Band. If you haven't seen Ms. Butler and the boys write the word "DEPRIVED" on a piece of paper and nail it to your forehead.

This group digs way back for blues and jazz tunes by people like Fats Waller, Bessie Smith and Bob Wills, but they're not musical archeologists or "camp" freaks. They're a highly competent, extremely interesting, welcome addition to the live music community.

The Beauregard is smack next to the Friendly Spot and when both joints have live music the corner of Alamo and Beauregard Streets is a perfect place to practice crowd evasion tactics for NIOSA.

While the Bett Butler Blues Band was giving lessons in esoterica at Beauregard a blues/boogie outfit from Austin called Hard Luck was rocking the Friendly Spot.

Hard Luck got high marks for a reggae version of "I Had Too Much to Dream", but when it comes to boogie, give me the Revival Brothers every time.

But enough King William area for one night and on to The Bier Haus. I've come to the conclusion the Bier Haus is not a bar. It's a party. Everybody that frequents the Bier Haus knows somebody else there, but nobody knows everybody.

This particular Friday night Frank Rodarte and the Dell-Kings were rattling the windows and shaking the walls. It was R&B and Rock & Roll and dance, dance, dance.

It was a full interior, a packed patio and a hot performance by guest vocalist and ex-Drifter Clarence Walker. It was a fine night for beer company stockholders.

Saturday found Miss Neesie and me on a flying trip to Victoria where my grandparents, Pete and Helen Hertzberger, celebrated their 60th Wedding Anniversary. I put that in here because I'm proud as I can be, besides there was even live music — my Uncle Don sang The Lord's Prayer.

A flying trip back to S.A. put us face to face with a band of children that have their heavy metal chops down to the point that if you are a heavy metal musician and don't want to be embarrassed by a group that's still in high school you'd better finish reading this and start rehearsing immediately.

Acting on a tip from St. Gerard's High School teacher Dona Jordan and her husband Tim (he's always wanted to see his name intimately linked with rock and roll) Heart ventured out Walzem Road to Fun and Games to see a band called Tarrot.

Tarrot are Ronnie, Bobby and Ralph Jarzombek; guitar, percussion, bass; ages 16, 17 and 19 respectively and John Bentley, guitar, 17. They all sing.

I basically dislike heavy metal music but when I heard Tarrot I heard the music of Judas Priest, Triumph, AC-DC and the Scorpions played by the people who should be playing it.

The same guitar licks that sound cliched when played by a 30-year-old sounded fresh and exciting when done by Ronnie Jarzombek and Bentley. The same applies to the Jarzombek and Jarzombek rhythm section.

Tarrot is flat good! If they hold it together until they graduate from high school and if they can come up with some original material they're gonna be scary.

Sunday brought a complete change of pace and Nobuko at Arthur's. Arthur's is an awfully ritzy, but surprisingly unstuffy restau-

rant on The Boardwalk. Nobuko plays in the bar every night, but Sunday is special because that's the night horn man Richard "The Hulk" Garcia works there with them.

S.A. jazz fans know all about Nobuko and need no reminders about their formidable talents. However, if you've been hibernating in Red Gate or are new to town and would like some exposure to jazz, hot and cool, check out Sunday evening with Nobuko at Arthur's.

Jacky King is a jazz guitarist who's well known to area musicians and aspiring musicians through his guitar institute. He's also one of the most well-respected session guitarists in the genre.

Monday, April 6, found King and his group at the Carver Cultural Center showing why and how he came by his reputation. If you think you've seen some great guitar players don't complete your list until you see Jacky King. Few people know their way around a guitar like King.

The King quintet went through a variety of numbers which showcased the talents of everyone in the group. Check 'em out Sundays at Alexander's.

Back to Arthur's Tuesday where Bett Butler plays solo during happy hour. Happy hour gigs are not often ideal settings to hear music. It seems people pay more attention to martinis than musicians between the hours of five and eight.

However, Butler does an admirable job with basically the same material she performs with the Blues Band. Her renditions of Bessie Smith tunes are soulful enough to reach the most serious drinker.

Wednesday. The Friendly Spot. The Smith Brothers. Acousto/electric blues/boogie. Nothing new or unusual, but if you're an acousto/electric blues/boogie fan I'm sure you could disagree.

More Austin City Limit Thursday with Hank Williams Jr. and the Shake Russell/Dana Cooper Band. Hank Williams Jr. has never



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been a favorite of mine, but I must say he's an honest, welcome change from the overblown Nashville norm.

Shake Russell and Dana Cooper evoke images of the Talbot Brothers and Brewer and Shipley with tight harmonies and an extremely clean, straightforward sound. Russell and Cooper rely on pure talent and emotion and do a fine job of it.

Another weird Friday started with Rodolfo on the Hammond organ at the *Beef and Bourbon Steakhouse* on Rigsby Ave. Rodolfo pumps out the classics and adds a twist to supper as you eat your steaks and play "name that tune" with your neighbors.

The Bett Butler Blues Band again at the Beauregard and I won't belabor the issue.

Next stop? Why the Bier Haus, of course! I detect a Friday night pattern. Rudy Harst and Charlie Athanas were doing their magic as part of the Ice House Tour. Harst, Athanas, Zet and old and new fans were celebrating the release of Rudy's Ep "Por Nada/Hoping/On Zircon."



Saturday, April 11th, will go down in history as a cultural and artistic milestone with the world premiere of the Blast Movie at *Big Al's*. A packed house listened and danced to the Vamps, were bedazzled by the grand entrance of Claude, Go-Go, Robar, Miss Fit and Carol — resplendent in their Blasted formal wear, watched the movie, ate popcorn, vied for door prizes (a box full of Robar's hair and a plastic bubble full of Claude Morgan's thumb nail) and dance to the Blast.

The Vamps did a bang-up job opening for utter chaos. It's good to have them performing regularly again because Frank Pugliese looks like a rock and roll star and deserves the exposure and Joe Pugliese is an old man and needs to make it big before his hair falls out and he has to start a Dixie boogie band.

"Local Scene Editor" responsibility discharged for one month.

I've been very quiet about the new, boring, homogenized, dull KISS format. As far as I'm concerned the new management can drive the Beatles, the Rolling Stones and Led Zepplin farther into the ground for the sake of ratings if they want to. I've got my cassette player and KEDA to listen to.

But, corporate ownership or not, the management has gone too far in their tampering with the KMAC format. In case you missed the tiny item in the *Express* the new people at the old radio station are taking Perry Kallison's early morning farm and ranch program off KMAC after 45 (that's FORTY-FIVE) years. They're also doing away with the Big Band Magic Ballroom shows, lately some of the most imaginative programming on local radio.

Forty-five years on the radio, Perry Kallison should keep broadcasting until the universe runs out of electrons. I'd be ashamed to even think of cancelling that kind of history. Keep those people away from the Alamo — they're liable to tear it down to make way for the golden arches. —RNR

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David's Dusty Discs

by David M. Frost

My vacation is over and it's good to be back with *IORNR*. This magazine is now in its fourth year, thanks to a lot of faith, sweat and stubbornness. And *IORNR* really did a neat thing last month with San Antonio's first new wave festival. There was another first in Austin a few weeks ago — a record collectors' convention. Like the *Brave New Wave Festival and Danceathon*, the convention was a rousing success.

★ ★ ★

It was one o'clock on a Saturday afternoon at the Knights of Columbus Hall in Austin. The hall was packed with dealers and collectors when I got there around 11:00 and it was still packed when I left at 2:30. A Coasters record was playing and David Schutt was being interviewed by a reporter from one of the Austin newspapers. David's a record collector. Along with his friend Doug Hanners, another Austin collector, dealer, editor of *Not Fade Away* and all-around fine person, he organized this convention. Both he and Doug were what you might call pleasantly surprised, maybe even bewildered, by the good turnout. David was telling the reporter that the convention received good publicity from the local papers and radio stations and, yes, he and Doug had tried to keep the cost (\$1 admission) low in order to attract people. Whatever it was, it worked. The joint was jumpin' and everybody seemed to be having a good time.

David was explaining picture discs to the reporter, who seemed as if she had expected the convention to be a bland reporting assignment and was beginning to realize that it was a bit more complicated, exciting and strange than she'd bargained for. A couple of guys in front of the stage were looking at each other's punk singles and albums, trying to work out a trade. Another guy was browsing through a box of records with one hand clutching an original Beatles' Game and Official Beatles' Lunchbox in the other. Mike Buck was displaying a first-edition copy of the Elvis Christmas Album and Denise Gregoire was smiling because she'd found a few more Bill Haley records for her collection. Something for everyone.



★ ★ ★

It wasn't all rock'n'roll. Forty dealers, mostly from various places in Texas, had brought jazz records as well. And country records, movie soundtracks, promo items, blues, folk, what-have-you. About 60% of the records were albums and only a couple of people had any 78s, which surprised David, Doug and me. There was a very wide range of quality and rarity. "Slightly used" 45s at a quarter apiece and mint butcher cover Beatles albums; Elvis Presley singles on Sun and obscure bootlegs like the New York Dolls Live in Dallas. (Dallas?) Lotsa Springsteen stuff; Todd Rundgren was big, too. All the customers seemed to have slightly different tastes. One person would be looking

a heavy metal imports, another would browse through a stack of old jazz albums and an occasional person would be hunting for stuff by Tony Bennett or Olivia Newton-John.

★ ★ ★

I don't know how many of the people were hard-core collectors, semi-collectors or plain-old curious but altogether a thousand of them attended the one-day convention. I know that I found enough records to make me happy and just one of them made the whole trip worthwhile. In a way the convention was almost too successful. Finding tens of thousands of collectable records in one place almost overloaded my circuits a few times, it was kinda difficult to move around (not like NIOSA, though) and you were never sure what to look at next... or what you'd looked at already.

The only disappointment was that I got some bad advice from one of San Antonio's photography stores and the roll of film I shot didn't turn out too well. That's why there are no direct-from-the-scene action shots accompanying this article. But I'll have another chance at good photos and good records, and so will you, when San Antonio holds its first record collectors convention in June. It'll be next to the Eisenhower Road Flea Market and you'll find more details elsewhere in this issue. See you there!—RNR

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MO-DELS

CORRECTION FROM LAST ISSUE

I accidentally misquoted John Wood, drummer for The Mo-dels, when I was deciphering my interview notes. After having discussed this with him, the corrected interview should read:

RNR: John, what bands have you played with?

John: I started with the Mike Morales band, which I stayed with for about two years. We disbanded,

and Mike joined The Max and I joined Friction. After about three or four months I quit. A while later I did some studio work at Zaz, with the engineer, Bubba Perron. Bubba knew Keith (Owens, of The Mo-dels), and he knew I was looking for a good band, so he introduced us. I haven't had any formal training; I learned by listening to the radio, and I started playing along.

Wendy Carson

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Joe Ely/Musta Notta Gotta Lotta

(MCA/SouthCoast) — Our rambling boy from Lubbock has recently gained favor with the new wave set by rubbing shoulders with the Clash. In the interim between his *Down On The Drag* and this one he's released a double live set that can only be found as an import. (Imagine having to pay for a British imported Lp from a guy who lives in Austin.) Anyway, *MNGL* is as good as, say, his second album, but still not as good and gritty as his first. The title cut is a Jerry Lee Lewis style rave-up that gets the house rockin' right off. Jimmie Gilmore's "Dallas" is a relaxed boogie tune about a poor boy seeing Big D as a diamond but finding out it's just a piece of shiny glass that can cut. "Wishin' For You" is one of those calypso-styled numbers like Buffett writes in his sleep but this one rings truer because Butch Hancock wrote it. Ely delivers the best version of "Good Rockin' Tonight" since Presley's. "Hard Livin'" and "Dam Of My Heart" are the rest of the best here.

Ely owns that narrow piece of rock'n'roll territory that falls somewhere between Hank Williams Sr. and Buddy Holly. His band, especially with the new addition of Smokey Joe Miller on sax, is perhaps the Texas rival of Springsteen's E-Streeters. I don't see how he can miss — and neither do the British.**RY

Carl Wilson/Carl Wilson (Caribou)

— Beach Boy Carl Wilson's first solo album is one side of rock and roll and one side of ballads — MOR material. All songs on the album were co-written with Myrna Smith of The Sweet Inspirations.

The rock side is the album's weak point with songs like "Hold Me" and "What You Gonna Do About Me?" having nothing really special to catch your ear. "The Right Lane" has a harder edge to it with a strong lead guitar but it's not enough to save the side.

The second side is far superior with nice arrangements on "Hurry Love" and "Heaven" with some very nice vocals by Carl. "Seems So Long Ago" is a simple song with an instrumental arrangement reminiscent of Elton John's "Little Jeannie."

Although this album does have some good material, as a whole I was disappointed. I think if Carl would team up with some of his prior collaborators, such as G. Cushing-Murray, Randy Bachman, or brother Brian, he could come up with a more satisfying, balanced album.**Christopher Ng

Garland Jeffreys/Escape Artist

(Epic) — Garland's new offering may be his best-selling Lp to date. It's got all the right ingredients for a big seller: a bright pop sound, a guest backup band that includes part of Bruce Springsteen's E-Streeters and the rhythm section from The Rumour; a hit single in the form of the '60s chestnut "96 Tears" that anyone could have a hit with — I'm glad it's Garland though; his own, as usual, fine vocal performances; and a new wave feel to his Epic Records debut.

So why don't I love this album? Perhaps it's because ever since *Ghost Writer* (Garland's one masterwork) the man's covered much of the same ground but he's failed to go any deeper to explore the stories of his street characters ("Mystery Kids"). They're all cardboard people much like Paul McCartney's. They may have problems only hinted at in Garland's songs but the listener isn't really made to care because GJ doesn't have a deeper emotional investment in them. He can still be a pretentious namedropper too, as in "Jump Jump" a song about discovering the art and literary history of Paris.

There are some good moments on here like there are on all his records: the Graham Parker-ish "Christine", the crisp rocker "Modern Lovers", and his rendition of "96 Years". I just wish he could put out another Lp as good as *Ghost Writer*.**RY

The Pretenders/Extended Play

(Epic) — This five-track mini-Lp, aptly entitled *Extended Play*, constitutes part two of the continuing saga of the Pretenders, in which Chrissie Hynde mellows slightly? drops her steely Amazon pose of the group's debut to show her true colours?

Although the first Lp was fairly dominated by her tough image, this time around only "Porcelain" and "Precious" approach the aggressiveness of old, and they're outnumbered by the remaining three love songs complete with tender lyrics. Why, Chrissie's almost — dare I say? — vulnerable. The poor girl does have her problems, too, what with coping with unrequited love in "Talk of the Town, and trying to master the "Cuban Slide" in the selfsame song that sports a chorus of Ricky Ricardo-ish "ay-ay-ay's."

Musically, it doesn't quite match the debut album, and that might mean nothing or everything in the world. Now all I wanna know is when those glove lacelets went.**Charles Martel.

Lee Clayton/The Dream Goes On

(Capitol) — Lee Clayton is a modern-day Lone Ranger. With his white suit and electric guitar he attempts to take on the dirty job of cleaning up the town of its evil men and their evil ways. He also tries to come to grips with his own soul's poltergeists.

His songs ("Industry", "Draggin' Them Chains") are about the problems that socially-minded folkies used to tackle. He's the outlaw songster from Nashville that David Allen Coe only pretends to be. He's a true cosmic cowboy ("Oh How Lucky I Am"); a C&W singer for the '80s. And if Elvis Costello were ever to become a real country artist he'd be Lee Clayton. One of rock'n'roll's last angry men. Buy his other two Lps while you're getting this one.**RY

B.B. King/There Must Be A Better World Somewhere

(MCA) — More big band B.B. with the master borrowing arrangements from the Ray Charles songbook. B.B. forsakes his own band for some fine studio cats like drummer Bernie Purdie, saxophonists Hank Crawford and Fathead Newman, rhythm player Hugh McCracken, and Dr. John on keyboards, among others. While this is again, like his last studio album, a collection of songs which leans more towards jazz than blues it's much better than that Lp. Most of the tunes were written by Doc Pomus and Dr. John and they all have a big city 'round 'bout midnight feel to them. This is a perfect album for that hour. B.B., as always, is in fine form on both vocals and guitar.**RY

Muddy Waters/King Bee

(Bluesky) — It's always great to hear from Muddy and despite what Johnny Winter's detractors might say he knows how to produce The Man. Some of Chicago's best sessionmen sit on for this and help to make it as good if not better than its predecessors *I'm Ready* and *Hard Again*. Willie "Big Eyes" Smith's thundering drum work livens an otherwise textbook version of Muddy's classic "King Bee"; Winter's own slide guitar adds the sweet soul sound that pushes the lazy-paced "I Feel Like Going Home" along; and "Champagne & Reefer" is kept to a rolling boil by Luther "Guitar Jr." Johnson's and Muddy's own guitar, as well as some shimmering harp playing by Jerry Portnoy. This album is so good that you can almost hear glass shatter and barroom fights break out.**RY

Living Chicago Blues-Vol. 4

(Alligator) — This is my favorite of the three new albums of the (so far) six-album series. This one features saxophonist A.C. Reed and the Spark Plugs, Scotty and the Rib Tips, and Lovie Lee with harpist extraordinaire Carey Bell. Bar-b-que sauce not included.

Reed has been a sessionman for a long time but is known mainly as the tenor sax player with Albert Collins' band. Here he fronts his own band singing in the sly voice he's become known for. Funny funk like "Moving Out Of The Ghetto" and shuffles like "Going to New York" are the mat and potatoes of Reed's showcase.

Scotty and the Rib Tips are a band made up mostly of Buddy Scott's clan. These guys, although, a fine blues band and a permanent South Side of Chicago institution, are not well-known outside Chicago blues circles. Hopefully this album, with their rendering of staples such as "Big Leg Woman" and the beautiful blues-tinged "Careless With Our Love", will be enjoyed by enough folks for them to get their own Lp.

Lovie Lee has mostly been known as Carey Bell's stepfather. He's always been on the fringe of the blues scene in Chicago and has never recorded. His piano and vocal style sounds like just a neighborhood guy getting up on stage at an ice house. But then — that's the blues.**RY

Todd Rundgren/Healing

(Bears-ville) — Although this album may be too heavy philosophically and not enough of a pop-rocker for some tastes, it is characteristic and what I consider to be Rundgren's finest effort (including those with Utopia) to date.**Wendy Carson

Badfinger/Say No More

(Radio Records-Atlantic) — As far as pop rock goes these guys are still the champs as far as I'm concerned. While their last Lp for Elektra, *Airwaves*, was too lightweight to grab most listeners attention — even staunch Badfinger fans, *Say No More* is a near-perfect album from a cult band who still has their finger on the pulse of what is pop music.

Even though there are only two original members left (Joey Molland and Tom Evans) they still have a tightknit unit of guitars, bass and drums that is filled out by ex-Yes keyboardist Tony Kaye who was with them on the Elektra Lp. The production is bright and colorful just like the Peter Max cover art. Their beautiful harmonies are intact, as are their playing chops. Just listen to "Rock'n'Roll Contract" for Joey's dizzying lead guitar runs. The duo still have a way with a tender ballad too as exemplified by "Too Hung Up On You". For the most part, though, it's all rockin' fare. Badfinger can even teach Cheap Trick something about the genre.**RY



The Who/Face Dances

(Warner Bros.) — I've been listening to this album for over a month now. First listenings had me really excited. The Who were back (at last). These were the best batch of Townshend songs for a Who album since *Quadrophenia*. But, something was always missing; and I finally realized what it was. *Face Dances* was recorded at Hotel California, and owner Bill Szymczyk made sure their stay was a pleasant one.

Sure, some of the songs are strong enough to sound good despite the production ("How Can You Do It Alone", and "Daily Records"). Still, it could have sounded so much better.

The single "You Better You Bet" everyone's heard by now, but is worth mentioning for the line "I drunk myself b-lind to the sound of old T-Rex — and Who's Next?" Where is Glyn Johns now that we need him? "Don't Let Go the Coat" sounds like something off *Empty Glass*. "Cache Cache" starts off strong but fizzles out halfway through. John Entwistle's "The Quiet One" and "You" are the two rockers on the Lp and are pretty standard 'Ox' fare.

The two cuts at the beginning of side two, "How Can You Do It Alone" and "Daily Records" are the ones that stay with you after repeated listenings. Townshend's lyrics are still strong and still set standards.

The material itself is enough to make *Face Dances* the best Who album since *Quadrophenia*. Just why couldn't they do it alone?

**Jeff Webb



Adam and The Ants/Kings Of The Wild Frontier (Epic) — Adam & Co. are England's answer to KISS. They dress in a wild combination of Pirate costumes, American Indian garb and cowboy leathers. They are the latest rage in Briton. With a potpourri of Clint Eastwood spaghetti western imagery, more false machoism than Judas Priest, and the pride of the Redman in the lyrics these guys speak of making a new society from a tribe of brave new warriors who have been suppressed for too long. Musically it's a combination of Indian war chants, military marches, Sergio Leone soundtracks, and rock'n'roll.

Adam and The Ants have an exciting and interesting idea which is refreshing in pop music today. Whether or not they'll conquer our shores like they have the U.K. is another story. They're not The Beatles but they could be the next T. Rex.**RY

Stray Cats/Stray 1 (Arista-import) — "Imagine, if you will, Johnny Burnette's original Rock'n'Roll Trio transplanted from the Memphis of 1955 to the London of 1981. Ready to set the wayback machine, Sherman? We're going to visit England's foremost representatives of the near-lost genre of American music — rockabilly."

"Are you speaking of the Stray Cats, Mr. Peabody?"

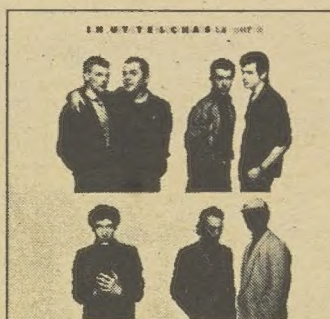
"Precisely, Sherman. Let's rock!"

The rockabilly craze has never died in England like it did here almost immediately after it was born. Elvis the P and Jerry Lee were just about the only ones who *really* made it. However, England became a haven for the likes of Eddie Cochran, Gene Vincent, Ray Campi and others. Teddy Boys (guys who to this day still dress like Presley) took the music to their breasts and kept it alive in their own little time warp. In the U.S. Robert Gordon is perhaps the most well-known exponent of this style of rock, although even he is moving away from the genre so he won't become trapped. In England bands like Matchbox, the Polecats, Shakin' Stevens, and the Stray Cats are keeping their ducktail haircuts combed and trying to keep the music alive.

The Strays' debut is produced by that old rocker himself, Dave Edmunds. This is a three-piece outfit whose members Lee Rocker, upright bass; Slim Jim Phantom, snare drum and cymbal-only; and guitar Brian Setzer get every ounce of energy out of their performances and the fullest sound possible with only three instruments. Some of the best stuff here are the originals like "Runaway Boys", "Stray Cat Strut" and their current U.K. single "Rock This Town". The reading of the classic rockabilly tune "Ubangi Stomp" is different for sure, but I still prefer the original and John Prine's. The Strays can also get just as political-oriented as the Clash, just listen to "Storm The Embassy" — which is about our Iran crisis.

Overall, this is an excellent debut Lp and the band is more talented than the rigidity of

the rockabilly genre dictates that they be, so that after one or two more albums they should either be ready to move on to more modern stylings or quit.**RY



Ian Dury & The Blockheads/Laughter (Stiff-Epic) — Stiff America (one of the clever slogans for Stiff Records) has done it again. From the early days, when Elvis Costello recorded for them in '76 to Wendy O. Williams' Plasmatics recordings in '80, Stiff has lived up to its slogans: Today's Music Today; Selected By Shoplifters, Ignored By Intellectuals; Sex, Drugs & Rock'n'Roll. The latter song is, of course, an Ian Dury classic.

Durs *Laughter* is a wry, whimsical album featuring quaint ditties that everyone can enjoy. The song's lyrics, on the other hand, are often risqué and may be considered offensive to certain members of the public. On the whole, Ian's album is a joule in the sea of mediocrity of today's records.



**Roland Ramirez

Pat Travers/Radio Active (Polydor) — Travers has done some good material in the past, I must admit. He has a very fine guitarist (Pat Thrall) and when they combine their guitar-playing talents, the results are generally good. With this album, however, it seems to me that Travers is running out of

ideas as most of this album is downright bad if not just plain dull. "New Age Music", a song totally different from Traver's style, serves only as a prelude to what the rest of the album is, and that's terrible. I've never been much of a Travers fan, but with this album, my liking for him has been crushed completely. Better luck next time, Pat.**Cliff Dunn

Krokus/Hardware (Arista) — I shouldn't like this album. The group's style is obviously closely modeled after AC/DC. At times, the vocals sound like the reincarnation of Bon Scott; but is the lead singer trying to? Most of the rhythms are simple chord progressions while the lyrics reflect the intelligence of a 3-year-old. So why do I like it? Maybe it's because while all the other big name bands are either mellowing out or going commercial it's good to see a band putting out some fine hard rock. If you like hard-driving heavy metal like AC/DC, then this Lp is for you. Watch this band because they're going places.**Cliff Dunn

Journey/Captured (Live) (CBS) — So Journey finally came out with a live album, huh? Although I really don't enjoy Journey's music that much, I listened to this album with an open mind and I must admit I enjoyed it. Their performance as a whole is amiable, with some nice solos delivered by guitarist Neil Schon as well as Steve Perry's above-average vocals. A number of studio hits such as "Lovin', Touchin', Squeezin'", "Line of Fire", and "Anyway You Want It" translate well live with the group still managing to retain their harmonious voices, which makes for an enjoyable album. If you like Journey, (which most people seem to do), pick it up.**Cliff Dunn

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In Concert



photo by David Willis

RUSH by Cliff Dunn

There's something about a Rush concert that gives a material definition of a concert performance. Rush, unlike most groups, seem to put a literal show instead of merely performing words and music. I suppose it's because of Rush's own unusual yet powerful style that creates the energy you feel while listening to their music. Or better yet, it is more than likely a combination of a visual and hearing experience. Watching a group so talented in both the lyrical and musical sense is something no one should or, judging by the response of the crowd, could ignore.

With screen show in back, captivating a sold-out crowd, Rush performed music mostly off their latest release *Moving Pictures*, the reason probably being they were recording for a forthcoming second live Lp on this tour. They did, however and much to my delight, play a decent share of their older music including the usual "Rush Medley," composed of several

songs off their first three albums, and an old favorite of mine *Beneath, Between and Behind*, but by far, none surpassed a fine rendition of *By-Tor and the Snow-Dog*.

I'm glad to see that Rush is finally receiving a larger following that seems to have begun with the release of *Hemispheres*. I suppose it's because Rush has continually evolved musically over the years from heavy metal to the so-called "intellectual rock," to a toned-down hard rock that is more complex than simple chord progressions and the continual repetitive drumming that constitutes most of today's hard rock. Rush is a group you can appreciate and I feel people are starting to respect them for what they are and not "what they profess to be."

Viewing this show as a whole, I can't wait to see them return next year when a broader scope of their music will be displayed as they will be touring a live album. If you didn't go this year, be sure to get your tickets early next year or you'll definitely be missing out.—RNR

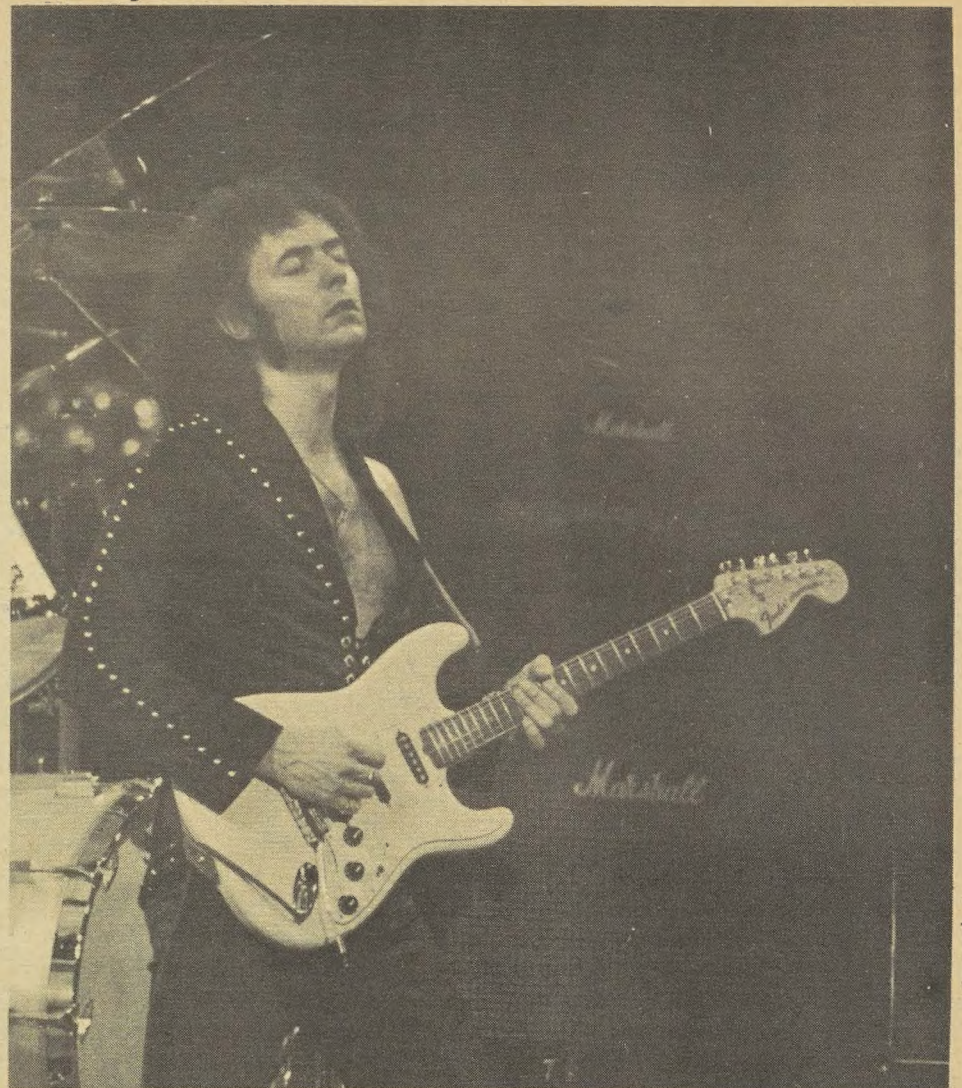


photo by David Willis

RAINBOW by Cliff Dunn

I must say I had waited a long time to see Rainbow and believe me when I say the wait was worth it. I have always been captivated whenever I watched a master craftsman practicing his craft, be it music or whatever, and viewing Ritchie Blackmore perform is a breathtaking sight. Watching his fingers become blurs as he executes some of the most brilliant solos, listening to them flow from his vibrant strat, is indeed a pleasure to behold. This was combined with the new Rainbow this tour and the performance of the rest of the band fully matched that of Blackmore's guitarwork. I sorely missed the vocals of Dio, but without the older music to remind me of what Rainbow once was, I managed to allay my regrets.

A large amount of people have told me that they considered the show lacking in many respects, but I just didn't see it. Every song played was full of the power Rainbow displays on this recorded music and seemed even more intensified. Powell's drumming lived on in the sticks of Bob Rondinelli and Airey's keyboards were more than satisfactory. I must admit I was disappointed that much of old Rainbow went on unplayed, as most of what was performed was off *Down To Earth* and *Difficult To Cure*.

Looking at the show from the view of the performance, I would have to say it was very good, but from what was played, I would have to admit I was disappointed. Whatever happened to "Gates Of Babylon?"—RNR

Concert Guide

AUSTIN

- 5/7 — Dave Brubeck/Paramount
- 5/7 — Ramsey Lewis/Third Coast
- 5/9 — Joe Cocker/Paramount
- 5/10—Secret Affair/Club Foot
- 5/11—Trapeze/Krokus/Opryhouse
- 5/22—Robin Lane/Split Enz/Pilmsouls/Opryhouse
- 5/22—Willie Nile/Club Foot
- 5/23—The Blasters (rockabilly)/Club Foot
- 5/29-30—Taj Mahal/Third Coast
- 5/31—Ozzy Osbourne/Muni Aud.
- 6/18—The Moddy Blues/Special Events Center

- 7/4—Grateful Dead/Manor Downs

SAN ANTONIO

- 5/8 — Joe Cocker/Randys Rodeo
- 5/8 — Trapeze/Nazareth/Krokus/Arena
- 5/22-24—Kerrville Folk Fest
- 6/4 — Ozzy Osbourne/Motorhead/Arena

- 6/11—Judas Priest/Humble Pie/Iron Maiden/Arena

- 6/18—Jerry Lee Lewis/Floore's Country Store

- Clubfoot, 110 E. 4th, Austin
1-472-4345

- Third Coast, 5555 N. Lamar
Austin, 1-454-5011

- Paramount Theater, 713 Congress,
Austin 1-472-5411

- Manor Downs/P.O. Drawer T,
Manor, Tx. 78653, 1-272-5581

- Soapcreek Saloon/11306 N. Lamar,
Austin, Tx., 1-835-0509

- Spotlite Productions/Austin, Tickets
(Clubs Only), 1-441-9191 (Major
Shows) Tickets at Joske's)

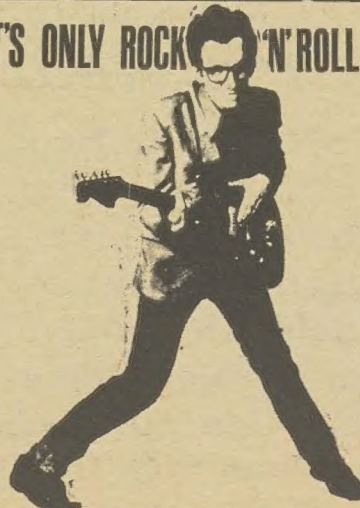
- U.T. Special Events Center/P.O.
Box 2929, Austin, Tx. 78769,
1-477-6060

- JAM Productions/Concert Line,
828-6351

- Stone City/Concert Line, 732-8100
- Randy's Rodeo, 1534 Bandera Rd.
432-5116

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17	18 Ladies' Bikini Contest	19 Men's Bikini Contest	20 DRINK & DROWN	21 ↓	22 LIVE MUSIC	23 Live Music Art Garza KTFM
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Accessor	Accessor	Accessor	Accessor	Accessor	Accessor	Accessor	Accessor
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